THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

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Natural History.

LETTERS
ON THE REVOLUTIONS OF THE GLOBE.

BY M. ALEX. B.

La legère couche de vie, qui fleurit à la surface du globe, ne couvre que des ruines.

Paris: printed, 1824.

[*Translated expressly for the Kaleidoscope from a recent French Work.*]

LETTER V.—CONTINUATION OF VOLCANOES.

I will, Madam, repair the omission of which you accuse me, by defining, as exactly as I can, the terms which it will be necessary for me to use, in the observations I have yet to make respecting volcanoes.

By volcano is meant, sometimes the receptacle in which eruptions are prepared, sometimes the mountain produced by them, and often both the mountain and receptacle.

The focus is the receptacle containing the volcanic matter when in a state of incandescence, and the causes which have reduced it to that state.

The chimney is the passage through which the vapours pass, during the eruptions, and after they have ceased.

The crater is the inverted cone which terminates the chimney; its structure is generally very complicated, because it receives from every different eruption a new modification; it is never simple, except in mountains that have experienced only one eruption. Such are to be found among the extinct volcanoes, as, for instance, those in France, upon the borders of the Rhine; all those, actually burning, have undergone several explosions.

Every eruption occasions a new crater, surrounded by a slight elevation, formed of the lava, and other incoherent matter thrown out before the eruption takes place, after it is over, and in the period of its duration. Vesuvius and Etna present striking instances of the complication of form thus produced; in the latter, the principal chimney generally remains undisturbed, whilst an eruption takes place towards the bottom of the mountain. The same phenomenon has been observed at Teneriffe, and in many other places.

The symptoms that precede the eruptions of Vesuvius have been particularly observed. As this mountain is situated in a country which has, for many ages, been inhabited by an enlightened people, there have always been found men of observation, who have taken care to give an exact description of the phenomena they witnessed.

When a new eruption is about to take place, there is generally an increase of the vapours discharged from the central chimney, the earth is agitated by slight shocks, and subterraneous noises are heard; mineral waters are corrupted, springs of fresh water become muddy, wells change their level, and are sometimes entirely dried up; finally, a disengagement of carbonic acid is often remarked in cellars, and other places under ground.

Earthquakes are often felt during the period in which eruptions take place; sometimes the earth experiences no concussion at that time in this case the eruption is said to be tranquil.

As the distance of thunder is computed by the interval of time elapsing between the moment when the lightning flashes, and that in which the noise of the explosion is heard, so it has been attempted to calculate the depth of volcanic foci by the time intervening between the eruption, and the noise which precedes it. It does not appear that very positive results have been obtained by this means: the facts ascertained tend, however, to prove, that the depth must be immense.

Lavas are the principal productions ejected in volcanic eruptions; they are metallic substances in a state of fusion; they are viscous, and incandescent, and, when they issue from the crater, assume the form of a vast sheet of burning liquid; they flow over the soil, overturning or burning whatever interrupts their course, and advance with a rapidity proportioned to the primitive impelling force, to the inclination of the ground, and to the obstacles opposed to their progress. According to the modifications of these different circumstances, lavas are sometimes whole years in advancing two or three leagues; at others they traverse seven or eight leagues in twenty-four hours. The time necessary to cool lavas is very variable: it is evident that the proximity of marshy grounds, and the action of rains, and currents of water of every kind, must accelerate this process.

The surface of lavas becomes cold and hard much sooner than the interior, and it often happens that a current of incandescent matter is seen to issue from a mass of solid lava; sometimes, also, when the surface is perfectly cold, the matter of the internal part is discovered, through the crevices of the exterior, to be still in a burning state.

It is very important to observe, that it is as impossible to ascertain the state of a current of lava by the surfaces presented to the air, as it is to judge of a metal in fusion, by the scoriæ which cover it.

Eruptions of lava are generally succeeded by a very slow and gradual discharge of vapours, which, though not abundant, are corrosive, and disengage a considerable quantity of sulphur.

Much more intense vapours result from the trituration of lavas, which, when reduced to very fine dust, by being forcibly driven through the air form what are called volcanic ashes, and cover the horizon with so thick a cloud, that all the space beneath it is involved in utter darkness. The winds transport volcanic ashes to very remote distances, and often with the greatest rapidity. This will not appear astonishing, if we consider that the wind sometimes moves at the rate of a hundred and thirty-two feet in a second, that is to say, twenty-nine leagues an hour, and seven hundred leagues in twenty-four hours, if it blew, during all that time, in the same direction, and with the same violence.

A large quantity of muddy water is sometimes seen to issue from the mountain, during an eruption; but, as you may imagine, Madam, there is no reason why we should believe that mud and water enter into the composition of volcanic matter. This circumstance is easily explained, since it is known, that the cavities of volcanic mountains often inclose vast collections of water. When the surrounding soil is forced away, this water will necessarily escape, carrying along with it clods of earth and stone, and sometimes the fish that subsisted within it. M. de Humboldt has observed this phenomenon, and has described the fish ejected from the sides of the mountain.

There is another phenomenon, which assumes the form of an aquatic eruption, still more likely to lead us into error than the one I have just described. It often happens, if eruptions take place at a time when the atmosphere is much charged with humidity, that the burning air, issuing from the crater, dissolves that humidity, and causes it to ascend to the upper regions of the air; the water then being condensed, falls down in torrents, which drag along with them, to immense distances, the earth and stones of the mountain. As the crater is enveloped in obscurity, it might easily be supposed that these torrents are ejected from it.

It is not unusual to see eruptions, which occasion no discharge of lava. When that happens, the volcanic mountain generally experiences a complete change of form, and a very perceptible diminution of its height. Among the Andes, mountains have been known to lose a fifth or a sixth part of their elevation; but in this case, the matter, withdrawn from the summit, was added to the base.

There are sub-marine volcanoes, as well as sub-marine earthquakes. Instances of these are known in the sea near Iceland, in the Grecian Archipelago. Their existence is incontestable, and their eruptions, like those that take place upon the continent, are accompanied by the discharge of vapours, and by concussions of the earth. We are little acquainted with the other phenomena attending them, on account of the difficulty of observing them.

A fact, important to be observed, is, that all volcanoes, hitherto known, are seated upon the primitive soil; this is invariably the case, with respect as well to ancient volcanoes, as to those which are still burning; the alluvial soil, when found in volcanic mountains, is always placed above the layers of lava, so that it must evidently have been the result of an order of things subsequent to the first eruption.

I shall here terminate, Madam, my remarks upon volcanoes; but, to give you a more exact idea of the appearance presented by an eruption, I shall transcribe for you the description of an eruption of Mount Etna, which took place in 1669, together with a short account of the sudden appearance of a new island, which rose from the sea near the island of Tercera, in 1720, in consequence of a submarine eruption.*

[*To be continued.*]

* See notes 4, 5, and 6, in our next.

Political Economy.

ON MERCANTILE EDUCATION AND PRINCIPLES.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF T. L. HWALD, BY L. MAN, OF LIVERPOOL.)

(Translated expressly for the Kaleidoscope.)

"There are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants.—*Addison.*

[*Concluded from our last.*]

There is another bad habit, which has been much encouraged of late years, and which threatens to operate in the most baneful manner; namely, the habit of making declarations which are not true, signing statements which are not exact, using certificates which are counterfeited; all *in the way of trade:* nay, some individuals are so keen in their calling, that they will not even scruple to take an oath, if that will forward their business, or procure them an advantage which they could not otherwise enjoy. Provided the oath be but arranged in such a manner, that no *literal* perjury can be brought home to them, they care very little for a *virtual* one; and so long as the practice is found advantageous, it is not even deprecated by people who pride themselves upon their strict honesty in any other case. I have often been astonished at the levity with which such things are treated by men who ought to know better. They do not consider, that when the limits of morality are once infringed, it is very easy to widen the gap at pleasure. If it be once allowable to do wrong, and to defend it because it is profitable, the rule for honesty ceases to be fixed: commercial policy will lengthen or shorten it according to circumstances, and the greatest deviation from rectitude may be excused on the same plea. It appears to me, that a real merchant would rather relinquish, than encourage, a trade which cannot be carried on without fraud, and not deal in goods which are prohibited, or negociate with countries which will not admit of a lawful intercourse.

The intercourse ought to be free, say the defenders of clandestine transactions; and we only oppose cunning to tyranny. But, granting that the complaints against the compulsory system are just, should we therefore act in contradiction to the eternal laws of morality? Despotism may deprive us of many advantages, it may unjustly vex and injure us; but it cannot make us give up our principles; and we ought to forego a momentary profit, which is only to be obtained by the sacrifice of what we hold most sacred. I am happy to say, that I still know many merchants, whom nothing would persuade to engage in a business of an immoral nature, and who, nevertheless, are making their fortunes; perhaps not quite so quickly as their *enterprising* neighbours, but in a much safer manner. The old proverb holds good in commercial transactions as in all others, and *honesty is always the best policy.**

Commercial jealousy is likewise often carried to a most shameful length in private transactions; and it produces in detail all the evils which national competition engenders on a larger scale. Envy is pernicious in all its operations: it is mere folly, so long as it does but make us dissatisfied, when we see others enjoy advantages which could never become entirely our own; it becomes crime, or it leads to crime, when we form the resolution of depriving others of what they lawfully possess; and it assumes its blackest features when our attempts are not even likely to conduce to our own benefit, but have merely the injury of others for their object.

The late Büsch had imagined a Diet, in which the various nations were to settle their commercial disputes before the Amphictyons, or wise men, who formerly decided similar claims in Greece. The continental deputies are non-suited in their complaints against the extension of British commerce; and it is plainly shown to them, that the natural advantages of England ought no more to excite the envy of other nations, than the beauty of a well-made person ought to call forth the anger of the beholders. They are further given to understand, that it is still more unreasonable to complain about the effects of superior art or industry; because the means of attaining them are equal to all who are willing to use their heads and hands, and the plaintiffs are at perfect liberty to avail themselves of their own faculties, in order to produce the wished-for terms of equality. Nevertheless, the denunciations against the *Navigation Act*, and against what Britain calls her maritime rights, appear to be well founded; and it is the decided opinion of the court, that these (so named) *rights* are neither more nor less than an abuse of power, which often brought on the most bloody wars, and which may tend to the final overthrow of what is, in almost every other respect, so highly respectable and praiseworthy.

Undue rivalry between individuals leads to the same injustice, and is quite as foolish. It destroys the peace of mind of its votaries; because it does not allow them to be happy so long as they see others near them whose prosperity is likely to equal or to surpass their own. They cannot enjoy their own possessions under such circumstances, and they will make the greatest sacrifices to have the pleasure of ruining a competitor. They will lay hold of every opportunity to injure his credit, and eagerly watch for the moment which is to seal his doom. There is nothing too unreasonable and too base for the spirit of envy, which would fain assume the name of commercial policy; but which is, in fact, as detestable as that of Richelieu, or of Mazarin.

This spirit, however, is far from being the real mercantile disposition. Most of the respectable members in the commercial part of society would rather support a falling brother, than hasten his destruction; and, though self-preservation may often forbid interference, commerce does not exclude friendship. I can scarcely describe how highly I felt delighted on reading lately the anecdote of *Sir Robert Peel*, in Hüttner's English Miscellanies. This rich, well-informed, and noble-minded merchant is possessor of extensive cotton manufactories at Bury, in Lancashire, and he gave, some years ago, a most brilliant proof of his being a total stranger to any thing like sordid jealousy. A great house, which has likewise cotton works, and is an absolute rival of Sir Robert, was at the point of breaking, when the magnanimous man made it an advance of fourteen thousand pounds sterling, and thereby kept it standing. His Majesty was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on Sir Robert Peel, on account of his patriotic spirit and general merit: but if there were no action of his on record but the one just related, it would alone entitle him to every civic honour.

Honourable distinctions are, indeed, never more properly conferred than when they are granted to persons of such a description. A Peel, who signs ten thousand pounds in a voluntary subscription for the support of the state, and who would have signed thrice as much if he had thought it necessary; who assists reduced families, and provides for them according to their former circumstances;—the Greek merchants at Neschin, who erected an infirmary at their own expense, and secured funds for its support; in order to show their gratitude for the confirmation of their ancient privileges;—Mr. Syrenkow, at St. Petersburgh, who founded six charitable institutions, at the same time, in his native town;—Mr. Lükimatuschkin, at Tobolsk, who maintains twenty poor people, at his sole expense, in a fine stone building, which he has got built for that express purpose;—all the noble individuals who have so largely contributed to the many *humane societies* in England; and all those who, in Hamburg, Lübeck, Frankfurt, and Bremen, have supported institutions by their voluntary subscriptions, and have done and promoted so much good, which could not have been effected in any other manner:—all these deserve the highest praise and thanks of the community; but they have their reward within themselves, and they were not urged by the hope of any other.

No other class of men can do so much good, or can do it so spontaneously as merchants can; for they have more riches at command, and they can transfer them more quickly than any other earthly power. Let every one be proud who forms a link in that beneficent chain; but let his pride be an honourable one, and let him say within himself,—*I too will do credit to my station.*

* Some of the preceding remarks allude particularly to the *licensing system*, which was acted upon during the supremacy of the French government; when even respectable houses did not scruple to avail themselves of forged documents and false declarations. The author meant to infer, that such practices had a tendency to corrupt the morals of those who indulged in them; because it familiarized their minds with equivocation and deceit.—*Note of the Translator.*

The Naturalists' Diary.

[*From Time's Telescope.*]

FOR FEBRUARY 1825.

"As birds flying he scattereth the *snow*; and the falling down thereof is as the lighting of grasshoppers: the eye marvelleth at the beauty of the whiteness thereof; and the heart is astonished at the raining of it. The *hoar frost* also as salt, he poureth upon the earth; it lieth on the top of sharp stakes. When the cold north wind bloweth, and the water is congealed into ice, it abideth upon every gathering together of water, and clotheth the water as with a breast-plate."—*Ecclesiasticus, chap.* xliii, *v.* 17–20.

This beautiful description of the "magnificence of winter" is not often realised, for any length of time, in our changeable climate; it is more applicable, however, to February, than to any other month in the year: a hoar frost seldom sets in till the middle or latter end of January, and in this case it generally continues for six or seven weeks. There are few persons, we hope, who are insensible to the "beauties of winter:" the phenomenon of hoar frost, the curious figures of snow, as seen by the magnifying glass, the pendent icicles, the never-ending forms assumed by the frozen vapour on our windows, and all the other countless wonders of this season, cannot fail to interest and instruct the least observant spectator of the "fairy frost-work" of Nature. But it is not the *day* alone which spreads before us these attractive objects for our consideration;—what can be more delightful than

A SERENE WINTER'S NIGHT.

How delightful this night!—the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the Moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome walls, whence icicles depend
So stainless, that their white and glittering spears
Tinge not the Moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that wrapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of Peace—all form a scene
Where musing Solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness:
Where Silence, undisturbed, might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still!

Although February, occasionally, shower down its *snows*,* and give out "a damp and clinging," or a "bitter, eager, and shrewd air," this month can boast of its days of "soft air, and sunshine and unbroken blue sky," transporting us into the very heart of May, and causing us to look about and wonder what is become of the *green leaves* and the *flowers!* Yet some of *these* even were to be seen in February 1824,—as mezereons, pyrus japonica, Bengal roses, stocks, wall-flowers, &c. Bees also were

*TO THE SNOWY EVE.

'Tis night, and Darkness o'er the land and sea
Outstretches gloomily her ebon wings;
Downward, with biting breath, the tempest flings
The whirling snow-flake, dancing giddily.
What is my thought?—the traveller on the moor,
Benighted, lonely, urging on his steed,
Where all is solitude, and none to heed.
What is my thought?—the ocean's awful roar
Recals the wandering mariner, afar
Upon the rayless deep, whose flashing gun,
The signal of distress, is heard by none,
Save HIM, who placed in heaven the evening star.
What is my thought?—that feeling is distress,
And human life a wintry wilderness.

D. M. Moir.

tempted by the warmth to leave their hives. The mild weather, however, did not continue so long as prematurely to excite vegetation, and call forth buds and blossoms to be destroyed by April frosts.

About the beginning of the month, the woodlark, one of our earliest and sweetest songsters, renews his note;

No tree's lofty foliage embowereth his nest,
But lowly it lies on the earth's trodden breast;
And he flits through the wintry scene
With a silent, but strong and unmurmuring wing,
Till he marks the first glimpse of the green-vested spring;

Then away—away—through the splendours of day,
To heaven he carries his praise:
Ah! who does not love that delectable lay,
As o'er mountain and forest it plays?
Though lowlier he build than each musical bird,
Yet longer and louder his carols are heard,
And heaven his glad anthem repays:
As, day after day, to its portals he towers,
More sweet grows his nest midst deep verdure and flowers.

The *thrush* now commences his song, and tom-tits are seen hanging on the eaves of barns and thatched outhouses, particularly if the weather be snowy and severe. Rooks now revisit their breeding trees, and arrange the stations of their future nests. The harsh, loud voice of the missel thrush is now heard. The yellow hammer and chaffinch are heard towards the end of the month. About this time also, or the beginning of March, if the weather be mild, the hedge-sparrow commences its chirping note, as indicative of the approach of the pairing season.

Turkey-cocks now strut and gobble. Partridges begin to pair; the house-pigeon has young; field-crickets open their holes; and wood-owls hoot: gnats play about, and insects swarm under sunny hedges; the stone-curlew clamours; and frogs croak. By the end of February, the raven has generally laid its eggs, and begun to sit. Moles commence their subterraneous operations. About this time the green woodpecker is heard in the woods, making a loud noise.

In mild seasons there is much going on in the *garden* now that may be seen by the "naked eye" of those who carefully look for it. The bloom buds of the shrubs and fruit-trees are obviously swelling; and the leaves of the *lilac* are ready to burst forth at the first favourable call. The *laurustinus* still braves the winds and the frosts, and blooms in blithe defiance of them. So does the *China rose*; but meekly, and like a maiden who *will* not droop though her lover *be* away, because she knows that he is true to her, and will soon return.—Now, too, the visible heralds of spring appear; but they have not yet put on their gorgeous tabards, or surcoats of many colours. The chief of these are the *tulips*, which are now just showing themselves, shrouded closely in their sheltering alcoves of dull green. The *hyacinths*, too, have sent up their trim fences of green, and are just peeping up from the midst of them in their green veils, the cheek of each flower-bud pressed and clustering against that of its fellow, like a host of little heads peeping out from the porch of an ivy-bound cottage, as the London coach passes. Now, too, those pretty orphans, the *crocuses* and *snowdrops*,*—those foundlings, that belong neither to Winter nor Spring,—that are neither lingering remnants of the one, nor early heralds of the other, show their modest faces scarcely an inch above the dark earth, as if they were afraid to rise from it, lest a stray "March wind" should whistle them away.

The hyacinth, narcissus, polyanthus, Persian iris, mignionette, and sweet-briar, compose and diffuse a delightful and luxurious odour for the drawing-room, at this season of the year.

The days are now visibly longer, and we are busily engaged in the pleasing occupation of observing the *renovation of nature*. Every tree and every shrub presents something new; and to those who are fond of botany, the present season of the year is peculiarly interesting. What can be more delightful to an intelligent mind than to view the opening bud, the expanded leaf, the first appearance of the flower bud, its perfection, and, last of all, its wonderful fructification.

What lore with tranquil pleasure better fills
The mind, fair Botany! than thine!
Thy paths
Retired, with thy own flowers are ever strewed,
Thy own fresh garlands ever grace thy brow.
Where'er thy votaries thou leadest, whether
Along the silent vale, or verdant lane,
By hedge-row sheltered, or o'er the lone heath,
Whether to rushy pool, green-mantled, or
Through the wild forest's thick-entangled maze,
Whether by softly murm'ring brook, that bright
Reflects its gay-enamelled bank; or long
The rocky shore, dashed by the foaming waves
Of ocean wide; or up the steep ascent
Of rugged mountain, rising to the clouds;
Still pleasure, profit, health, thy steps attend.

* TO THE SNOWDROP.

Beneath the changeful skies of early spring,
Emblem of human life and frail as fair,
Pale visitant of earth,
I mark thy modest bloom.

Herald of brighter scenes and calmer joys,
When the sweet lark enamoured of the dawn,
Above the cottage roof
Shall pour his melting lay;

Though surly winter passing from the plain
Reluctant with his storms (while, rude and wild,
Stern desolation marks
His long and lonely track,)

Oft wraps thy beauty in a wreath of snow,
And gems with icicles that faintly shine
Below with imaged beam
Thy cold but lovely brow;

I see thee smile like innocence at fate,
Beneath his idle rage and parting storms,
Secure of happier hours
And skies without a cloud.

So piety, upheld by faith and hope,
Endures serene the passing storms of life,
With eye intent on Heaven,
And thought already there.

Oxford. J. W. S.

The Traveller.

THE LATE EARTHQUARE IN PERSIA.

[*From the Bombay Gazette of September* 8.]

We are indebted to a correspondent in Persia, who was an eye-witness, for the following account of the dreadful earthquake that has devastated so much of what is interesting in that ill-fated country.

Jehan Numah near Shiraz, June 25, 1824.

This morning, about half-past fixe *a. m.*, I was disturbed out of a sound sleep by the violent commotion of an earthquake; of much greater force than the one I sent you an account of from Khonartueta on the 2d inst. My first object was to move out of the house, but to accomplish it was difficult and dangerous, owing to the number of large bricks, pieces of wood, and mortar, falling from the roof all round the outside of the house, and a few stones and chanam from the ceiling inside that had been previously injured. Having happily effected my escape, without injury to myself or servants, I walked out of the garden to see what damage Shiraz had suffered; the first sad effect that I observed was the complete destruction of the ShawMeez Ally Ebna Hoonza, a beautiful mosque, about 400 yards in front of this garden, and perhaps the same distance from Shiraz; its finely ornamented cupola had fallen in, and the body of the building was rent in every part. Shiraz itself was enveloped in dust, nor could I for many minutes see any thing else; but this sad sight was enough to show that it had suffered severely. As the dust cleared away, it was truly awful and distressing to see the ruins of the fine stately mosques and minarets, a few minutes before the chief ornaments of the town, but now a shapeless mass, and each succeeding minute, as it vanished, some fresh object presented its shattered form. The eastern side of the wall that surrounded the town, and the only face discernable hence, has fallen in, and most of the towers were laid level with the ground, and the remainder much injured. But melancholy and distressing as what I have attempted to describe may be, what is it compared to the sufferings of the unfortunate inhabitants? The cries and lamentations of thousands, bewailing the loss of relations, friends, and every thing dear, resounded in the air, and were enough to soften the hardest heart; you may then easily conceive what my feelings were, indeed are at this moment, hearing dismal cries and mournful lamentations in every quarter. To get any thing like an accurate account of the sufferers will take some days. Since the first great shock, and between that time and ten o'clock, there have been three shocks, though smart, nothing compared to the first. I have pitched my tent in the garden, and intend occupying it; the comparative degree of safety will more than compensate for the comforts of the house. The inhabitants have quitted the town, and are living in tents, routies, and under cumlies outside. Merza Ally Aebor (our agent), poor fellow, and his whole family, are living with me; his house is completely destroyed; and Zakee Khan's (the Minister's) quite in ruins; the Prince's stateroom destroyed, and every part of the palace has been much injured; to be short, I believe not a house has escaped without some injury, and most of them in ruins: the fine Bazaar is still standing, but much shaken and injured. The exact number of those who have perished in the ruins I cannot ascertain. Merza Ally Aebor assures me that 2000 is under the number, but receive this as mere conjecture, and report only; I should think half the number nearer the mark.

The Housewife.

"Housekeeping and husbandry, if it be good,
Must love one another as cousins in blood:
The wife, too, must husband as well as the man,
Or farewel thy husbandry, do what thou can."

COFFEE.

Good Turkey coffee is by for the most salutary of all liquors drunk at meal time. It possesses nerving and astringent qualities, and may be drunk with advantage at all times, except when there is bile on the stomach. If coffee be drunk warm within an hour after dinner, it is of singular use to those who have headache from weakness of stomach, contracted by sedentary habits, close attention, or accidental drunkenness. It is of service when the digestion is weak; and persons afflicted with the sick headache are much benefited by its use, in some instances; though this effect is by no means uniform. Dr. Mosely observes, that "the extraordinary influence which coffee, judiciously prepared, imparts to the stomach, from its tonic and invigorating qualities, is strongly exemplified by the immediate effect produced on taking it when the stomach is overloaded with food, or nauseated with sur-seit, or debilitated by intemperance. To constitutionally weak stomachs, it affords a pleasing sensation; it accelerates the process of digestion, corrects crudities, and removes cholics and flatulencies. Besides its effect in keeping up the harmony of the gastric powers, it diffuses a genial warmth that cherishes the animal spirits, and takes away the listlessness and languor which so greatly embitter the hours of nervous people, after any deviation to excess, fatigue, or irregularity. From the warmth and efficacy of coffee, in attenuating the viscid fluids, and increasing the vigour of the circulation, it has been used with great success in the debilitating disorders of women (fluor albus, &c.) in dropsy, and in worm complaints; and in those comatoes, anasarcous, and such other diseases, that arise from unwholesome food, want of exercise, weak fibres, and obstructed perspiration. Coffee having the admirable property of promoting perspiration, it allays thirst, and checks preternatural heat. The great use of coffee in France is supposed to have abated the prevalency of the gravel. In the French colonies, where coffee is more used than with the English, as well as in Turkey, where it is the principal beverage, not only the gravel but the gout, those inveterate tormenters of the human race, are scarcely known. It has been found useful in quieting the tickling vexatious cough that often accompanies the small-pox, and other eruptive fevers." Prepared clear and strong, and diluted with a large portion of boiled milk, it becomes a highly nutritious and balsamic diet, proper in hectic, pulmonic, and all complaints where a milk diet is useful; and is a great restorative to constitutions emaciated and worn down by gout and other chronic disorders. Long watching and intense study are wonderfully supported by it, and without the ill consequences that succeed the suspension of rest and sleep, when the nervous influence has nothing to sustain it. Bacon says coffee "comforts the head and heart and helps digestion." Dr. Willis says, "being daily drunk, it wonderfully clears and enlightens each part of the soul, and disperses all the clouds of every function." The celebrated Dr. Harvey used it often; Voltaire lived almost up to it; and the learned and sedentary of every country have recourse to it, to refresh the brain oppressed by study and contemplation.

Economy in Candles.—If you are without a rush-light, and would burn a candle all night, unless you use the following precaution, it is ten to one an ordinary candle will gutter away in an hour or two, sometimes to the endangering the safety of the house. This may be avoided by placing as much common salt, finely powdered, as will reach from the tallow to the bottom of the black part of the wick of a partly-burnt candle; when, if the same be lit, it will burn very slowly, yielding a sufficient light for a bed-chamber: the salt will gradually sink as the tallow is consumed, the melted tallow being drawn through the salt, and consumed in the wick.—*The Economist.*

Use of Copper Vessels.—A source of danger from the use of culinary vessels of copper, has recently been discovered by Sir H. Davy, viz. that weak solutions of common salt, such as are daily made by adding a little salt to boiling vegetables and other eatables in our kitchens, act strongly upon copper, although strong ones do not affect it.

Poetry.

DEATH.

Who art thou, grisly Monarch, shadowy thing,
And what thy name, victorious, mighty King?
Where is thy vast domain, and where its bounds,
What "Alps on Alps" thy dreary realm surrounds?
What billowy waters lave thy lonely shores,
Where the storm threatens, and the tempest roars?
Mysterious Ruler! round thy halls of state,
What shivering multitudes for ever wait!
And, oh! what groans, what agony, and strife,
Proclaim thy struggle with conflicting life!
Oh! in that hour thy captive to resign,
What floods of tears, what sobs convulsive thine!
Inexorable as unyielding Fate,
Thou smil'st in scorn, with victory elate;
Bid'st the winged arrow, fraught with ruin, fly,
Nor shrink'st to mark the best, and dearest die!

Nature's dread enemy! appalled we trace
Thy stamp on infancy's angelic face:
Hid in the rose, thou cheats the trusting heart;
Gives promise to the eye, concealed the dart;
Pranks it at revel, and at festal gay,
And, unsuspected, bears thy prize away!

Age has its warnings; nature needs repose;
The eye is dim, and, wearied, longs to close;
The step unequal now, and altered mien,
Prepare the pilgrim for his final scene;
And, undismayed, he marks the victor nigh,
Nor gives to life one fond relenting sigh;
His race achieved, the fitful warfare done,
Tired mortal immortality puts on;
Speeds its glad way to Heaven's supreme abode,
And yields, adoring, to the will of God.

But Youth has visions bland of coming years,
And Hope her brightest robe of beauty wears;
And lovely seems this fleeting scene below
To hearts untutored by the teacher, Woe;
And, through the vista of far distant time,
Allure fair shadows, and bright forms sublime;
Alas! ere noon the glittering dream has fled,
And Youth and Hope lie numbered with the dead.

Imperial Monarch! wave thy ebon wand;
What countless myriads own its stern command!
And, lo! unmoored, the bark of Acheron glides
O'er swelling Lethe's still and sluggish tides;
And youth, and age, th' unpolished, and refined,
The finished scholar, and untutored hind,
The loved, and scorned, the evil, and the good,
The skiff new launched on Time's resistless flood,
And shattered bark upon the waters tost,
Dismantled, shipwrecked, amid tempests nurst;
Prisoners of Hope, to seek a happier world,
Alike by thee to Hades' shades are hurl'd!

Despotic Sovereign! whose imperial sway
The head that bears a crown must yet obey,
E'en as the meanest slave that plies the oar,
And toils, and languishes on Afric's shore:
Unshaken Monarch! whose resistless hand
Waves the bold sceptre of supreme command;
Inexorable Judge, whose nod is fate,
At whose tribunal Mercy never sate;
Where Pity pleads in vain, and vain the prayer
Wrung from the hopeless in their last despair;
Implacable and cruel! I would bend,
And woo thee, King of Terrors, as *a friend:*
Oh! I would hail thee as a seraph blest,
Triumphant escort to a place of rest;
Great Rescuer! the prison that unbars,
And shields from open and from hidden wars;
"Balm of hurt minds;" the refuge of distress
When friends abandon, and when foes oppress;
Physician that alone true calm can give
To heal the bruised heart, and bid it live;
Kind, generous friend, that bears the exile home,
And bids the weary wanderers cease to roam.

Restorer, Liberator, Angel, *Friend,*
Oh! hear, and bid the toilsome warfare end;
Unloose the fetters that enchain the soul,
And, cruel, bar it from its destined goal;
Oh! hear, and rescue from this dim abode,
And back restore the spirit to its God.

Liverpool. G.

HOW SWEET IT IS AT FALL OF EVEN.

[FROM A PLEASING LITTLE VOLUME OF POEMS, ENTITLED "WILD ROSES," WRITTEN BY MR. THOMAS FENBY, OF LIVERPOOL.]

How sweet it is at fall of even,
While softly down the arch of heaven,
On golden clouds pavilion'd gay,
Is borne the glorious god of day,
To hear in air sweet music float,
From shepherd's pipe in vales remote.

While stillness o'er each landscape reigns,
Save here and there the warbled strains
Of some sweet bird; with, now and then,
The sheep heard bleating in the pen,
Whose bells, with tinklings silver sweet,
Like sounds of bliss our spirits greet.

Then sweet on woodland heights to rove,
Link'd arm in arm with one we love,
To watch bright hues fade from the skies,
See twilight come, and Cynthia rise
Serenely bright, and shed her beam
To lighten mountain, vale, and stream.

And while with bliss our bosoms swell,
Unheard the tale of love to tell
Unto the all-attentive ear
Of her as our existence dear,
Whose eyes are by the moonlight shown,
Beaming with love to meet our own.

Sweet as the light shed from the skies,
They beam on ours; while tender sighs
We hear, which o'er our bosoms roll
And sink into our inmost soul.
Such influence sweet, on such an even,
Has love, and that mild orb of heaven.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I trouble you with the following translation of the Lines "*De Vere*," by *Aliquis*, in your last *Kaleidoscope*: if it be convenient to you to insert it, your doing so will oblige. By-the-bye I should like to know why the muse of your correspondent confines herself entirely to country scenes. Surely something worthy of commemoration might be found in the town. Yours, &c.

Liverpool, 25th Jan. 1825. Y. Z.

ON SPRING.

Spread wide the gates of rugged winter now,
Let benuteous Spring appear with flower-crown'd brow;
For lo! the herdsman drives the lowing kine
To liquid streams; the kid, too (grateful sign)
Is seen to press the dugs now hanging low
With milk; the country boor with sturdy plough
Impatient sallies forth, rejoiced to see
His lands, so lately frozen, once more free.
With fond delight he views the budding leaf,
Marks how the fertile rain, in showers so brief,
Bedews the grassy plains; or how the hen
Protects her infant tribe; with piercing ken
Descries the foe, or seeks the wholesome food,
And summons to the feast her straggling brood.

Behold, the sower, now, with bounteous hand,
Showers down his seeds upon the well-ploughed land;
But suns roll on, and nights to nights succeed,
Before his work is crowned with fortune's meed.
Now when the day declines and work is o'er,
Soft pleasure enters gaily at the door,
And stays her welcome foot, and frees from care
The hearts of all around the fireside there.
The circling bowl is filled, the goblets foam
With richest wine; the stores of Bacchus bloom
Within their cups—the god's own rosy dew:
They drink and quaff till slumbers sweet imbue
Their wearied limbs. Scarce does Aurora's light
Burst forth o'er heaven in wonted splendours bright,
(Recalling man to toils he left last night)
Than, springing from his couch with morn's first red,
The husbandman forsakes his genial bed;
To nature's God pours out, with all his race,
His earliest prayer, and matin song of praise;
Then goes, exulting, forth to cultivate,
With toil and care, his richly-tilled estate:
At home he lives in happiness and peace,
And when abroad these blessings do not cease.

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli*".....VIDA.

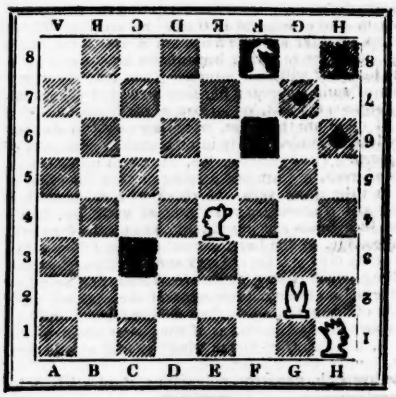
SOLUTION TO GAME XXX.

White.	*Black.*
1 King.....F—7	1 King.....H—7
2 Bishop....F—8	2 King.....H—8
3 Bishop....G—7+	3 King.....H—7
4 Pawn ....G—6+	MATE.

[NO. XXXI.]

The white to move and give checkmate in three moves.

Black.



WHITE.

Literature, Criticism, &c

SHAKSPEARE.

[We copy the following extremely interesting article from the *Literary Gazette*, which, with its usual diligence, has anticipated public curiosity on the subject. We are decidedly of opinion, however, that this edition of *Hamlet* is an imperfect publication, made up, partly, from memory, and partly from the assistance of the actors who played in it. It is impossible to suppose that Shakspeare ever wrote it, as we here find it printed.]

HAMLET—EDITION OF 1603.

We will rather express our gratification that an edition of Hamlet, anterior to any hitherto known to the world, has just been brought to light, than our surprise that it should have been so long hidden. Yet it is a strange thing that such a volume as that in which it has been found, and in the possession of the parties to whom it be-

longed, should have been suffered to be undiscovered or unnoticed among the lumber of any library. Every person of literary taste must wonder, and every enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare be inclined to utter an exclamation of dismay, when we lay before them the contents of this precious book.—They are as follow:

1. The Merchant of Venice. Printed by J. R. for Thomas Heyes. 1600. First Edition. [*Perfect.*]
2. The Merry Wives of Windsor. Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson. 1602. First Edition. [*Wanting last leaf but one.*]
3. Much Adoe about Nothing. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600. First edition. [*Perfect.*]
4. A Midsummer Nights Dreame. Printed for Thomas Fisher. 1600. First edition. [*Wanting four leaves in the middle.*]
5. Troylus and Cressida. One of the two first editions, both printed in 1609. [*Wants Title.*]
6. Romeo and Juliet. Printed by Thomas Creede for Cuthbert Burby. 1599. First edition of the enlarged Play. [*Perfect.*]
7. Hamlet. Printed by N. L. and John Trundell. 1603. First known edition. Last leaf wanting; but it contains Hamlet's death, and very few lines are wanting, probably not half so many as occur after the hero's death, in the received text of the play.
8. Henry IV part II. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600. First edition. Signature E. has *six* leaves. [*Perfect*]
9. ——— part I. Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise. 1598. First Edition. [*Perfect.*]
10. Henry V. Printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Pauier. 1602. Second edition. [*Perfect.*]
11. Richard III. Printed by Thomas Creede for Andrew Wise. 1602. Third edition. [*Perfect.*]
12. The Two Noble Kinsmen, by John Fletcher and Wm. Shakespeare. 1634. First edition. [*Perfect.*]

The size of this important and curious volume is the ancient small quarto, and, with the exceptions specified above, it is in excellent order. It was the property of Sir T. Hanmer, but must have been purchased by him after he had published his Shakespeare; otherwise he would have made use of it in that publication. From Sir T. Hanmer it passed into the possession of the Bunbury family; and it was from one of its branches that it came into the hands of its present owners, Messrs. Payne and Foss.

Before we proceed to give a more particular account of the chief ornament of this tome, it may be agreeable to state certain data from commentators on, and editions of, Shakespeare's Plays.

Mr. Malone had seen the Hamlet 1604, for he preserved its title; and, indeed, we are assured that he had that copy, now the Duke of Devonshire's (from the late J. Kemble's library) for many months in his possession. Its title is,

"The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. Printed by J. R. for N. Landure. 1604."

Succeeding editions were

	The same.....1605
Smethwicke by assignment from Ling.	John Smethwicke..1607
	Ditto.....1609
	Ditto.....1611*
	Ditto.....1637
	Ditto.....no date.

Hamlet was first registered in the books of the Stationers' Company, 26 July, 1602. Malone thinks it was then published. He thought the earliest extant that of 1604. N. V. The entry was to James Roberts.

The title-page of the Play in Messrs. Payne and Foss's book is as under:

THE
TRAGICALL HISTORIE OF
HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke
By William Shake-speare.
As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse Seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where.

(N) (L)

At London printed for N. L.† and Iohn Trundell.
1603.

The play consists of thirty-one leaves, and, on an average, about thirty-five lines on a page, making in all about 2,200 lines; while the edition of 1604 (the quarto edition reprinted in Stevens's four vols.) consists of sixty leaves, with an average of thirty-two lines per page, or total of above 3,800 lines. This shows that the newly-discovered drama does not contain much more than half the text of the earliest edition previously known.

But it is very singular also in other respects. There are various new readings, of infinite interest; sentiments expressed, which greatly alter several of the characters; differences in the names; and many minor points, which are extremely curious. For example, every alternate page is headed Tragedie and Tragedy; Laertes is Leartes, throughout; Polonius is Corambis; Gildenstern is Gilderstone; Osrick has no name, but is styled a braggart gentleman of the court: and in the closet-scene "*the Ghost enters in his nightgown.*"

From these variations, and the absence of so much of what appeared in the edition of the ensuing year, 1604, we hardly know what to infer. It has been said that Shakespeare founded his play, as was often his custom, on a preceding drama; but this has too much of Shakespeare in it to be *that* drama.* It may be surmised, that in the course of its immense popularity some piratical bookseller obtained a garbled copy of *Hamlet*, and published it; for at this period copyrights were not sold by authors, as in our days, and Shakespeare seems never to have paid much attention to literary profit, or to any fame beyond the walls of the theatre where his productions were performed. But we will leave the discussion of this point to others, and proceed to make our readers acquainted with some of the most striking features in the play, as it is given. It opens, as in later editions.

Enter two Centinels.

1. Stand: who is that?
2. Tis I.
1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch.
2. And if you meete Marcellus and Horatio
The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.
1. I will: See who goes there.
Enter *Horatio* and *Marcellus.*

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And leegemen to the Dane, &c.

The omissions here, as well as throughout, which will readily be discovered by looking at a modern edition, tend strongly to confirm the suspicion, that the play was picked out by hearing it performed, and getting speeches and parts from some of the actors. From where our quotation ends, the text is nearly the same as in the quarto of 1611. The first appearance of the Ghost is at the line "the bell then *towling* (not 'beating') one." The dialogue continues nearly the same, except that the omissions are considerable; as for instance, the Ghost re-enters at the cue, "ground of this our watch," after which, in the later editions, there is much matter. But the difference of text is also observable; for example, when the Ghost vanishes the first time, Horatio says—

In what particular *thought*, to worke I know not
But in the grosse and scope of my opinion,
This bodes, &c. [4to of 1611.]

Whereas the newly-found play reads—

In what particular thought to worke I know not
But in the thought and scope of my opinion
This bodes some strange eruption to the state.

In the next Scene the King, Queen, &c. enter; and it is chiefly remarkable for the name of Corambis being introduced instead of Polonius and Leartes for Laertes. *Two Ambassadors* are mentioned,—an improvement, as their presence gives occasion for the King's speech, otherwise uncalled for, to his own Court. It begins "Lordes we have urit," omitting all the foregoing parts; and the whole is greatly amplified in the later copies. We will not occupy our page by quoting Hamlet's Soliloquy, when these *exeunt*, as it can be seen by turning to the common Play; but we imagine that our readers will be pleased to have it as it stands in this original.

Ex. all but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too much grieu'd and sullied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuersell
Globe of heaven would turne al to a Chaos!
O God within two moneths; no not two: married,
Mine vncle: O let me not thinke of it,
My fathers brother: but no more like
My father, than I to *Hercules.*
Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Vnrighteous teates had left their flushing
In her galled eyes: she married, o God, a beast
Deuoyd of reason would not have made
Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is woman,
Why she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
O wicked wicked speede, to make such
Dexteritie to incestuous sheetes,
Ere yet the shooes were olde.
The which she followed my dead fathers corse
Like *Nyobe*, all teares: married, well it is not,
Nor it cannot come to good:
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

We cannot, at least this week, go through the minutiæ of the new (old) Play, and point out where it differs and coincides with the later copies. After the above Soliloquy, Horatio enters with "Health (not *hail*) to your Lordship:" and the dialogue continues to "For Godsake let me heare it."

A fine Shakesperian expression occurs here in the line usually printed "In the dead *waste* (or even *waist*) and middle of the night," which is—

In the dead *Vast* and middle of the night.

Opelia appears as usual. The Ghost appears to Hamlet at the line

More honoured in the breach than in observance.

Hamlet's Soliloquy, on his entrance after Opelia's correspondence is shown, runs thus:

To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
To die, to sleepe, is that all? I, all:
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I marry there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake
And borne before an euerlasting Iudge,
From whence no passenger euer retur'nd
The vndiscouered country, at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accursed damnd.
But for this, the ioyfull hope of this
Whol'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the rich, the rich cursed of the poore?
The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrong'd
The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
And thousand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life,
When that he may his full *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
But for a hope of something after death?
Which pulses the braine, and doth confound the sence,
Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,
Than flie to others that we know not of.
I that, O this conscience makes cowardes of *vs* all.
Lady in thy orizons, be all my sinnes remembred.

This is a poor version; but, passing over the intervening scenes which follow the common course, we come to the most remarkable difference in the whole—the famous Closet Scene; though in doing so we omit that beginning (here)

Why what a dunghil idiote slaue am I;

and that in the advice to the players, where "town crier" reads "a towne bull bellow." There is one striking word in the Play Scene, which removes a phrase that has been much objected to:

Ham. Lady will you give me leave, and so forth;
To lay my head in your lappe.
Opel. No my Lord.
Ham. Vpon your lap, what do you thinke I meant
contrary matters.

But we are brought to our conclusion, and can only add some remarkable passages of the Closet Scene:

Looke you nowe here is your husband
With a face like *Vulcan*
A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
A dull dead hanging looke, and hell-bred eie
To affright children and amaze the world:
And this same have you left to change with death
What divell has thus consoned you at hobman blinde?
Enter the Ghost in his Night Gowne.

Hamlet exclaims,

Saue me, saue me you gratious
Powers above, &c

At the exit of the Ghost, the Queen says,

Alas it is the weakenesse of thy braine
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe;
But as I have a soule, I sweare by Heauen,
I never knew of this most horride murder:
But, Hamlet, this is only fantasie,
And for my love forget these idle fits.

Ham. Idle, no mother my pulse doth beate like yours,
It is not madnesse that possesseth Hamlet.
O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue
Forbeare the adulterous bed to-night
And win yourself by little as you may
In time it may be you will lothe him quite.
And mother, but assist me in revenge
And in his death your infamy shall die.

Queene. Hamlet. *I vow by that Majesty*
That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts
I will conceale, consent, and doe my best,
What stratagem soe're you shall deuise.

Ham. It is enough, mother good night.

* This is the ed. in Steevens's 4 vols. with the same account as above.

† N. L. is evidently N. Landure, who published the known edition o 1604.

* Kidd's, if we remember rightly.

These are very striking, and would have tempted us to go farther in this analysis, but we trust we have done enough to satisfy, in a sufficient measure, the intense curiosity which this book has raised in every literary circle; and the more so, as we have learnt, with much gratification, that Messrs. Payne and Foss are about to commit the Hamlet to the press, for a *literatim* impression. They will greatly oblige the public by this judicious conduct, and every lover of Shakespeare, *i. e.* every lover of literature, will thank them for it. The work may be looked for in about a fortnight.

The original volume is valued at from £200 to £800 by the *Philabiblion*.

[FROM A MORNING PAPER.]

WESTMINSTER REVIEW, NO. V. AND CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

This number of the *Westminster Review*, which appeared last week, contains several valuable articles, and seems, on the cursory perusal we have been able to give it, to be a very good one. Our notice has been particularly attracted by an article on *Dallas's Recollections*, and *Medwin's Conversations of Lord Byron*. It evidently has proceeded from some one intimately acquainted with Lord Byron, and who has had access to all his papers. The Comments of Lord Byron himself upon Mr. Dallas's letters to him are some of them very amusing, and the removal of any imputation which might have attached to Lord Byron from that publication, complete. The most generally interesting part of the article will, however, be the statement of facts, in opposition to *Medwin's Conversations*, which we think worth extracting at large:

MR. MEDWIN'S TITLE-PAGE.

'Conversations of Lord Byron, noted during a residence with his Lordship at Pisa, in the years 1821 and 1822.'

THE FACT.

Mr. Medwin never resided with Lord Byron at Pisa, or any where else. He came to Pisa in November, 1821; he left Pisa in March, 1822; he returned to Pisa the 18th of August, 1822, and left that place on the 28th of August. During these periods he occasionally dined and rode out with his Lordship.

MR. MEDWIN *makes* LORD BYRON *say*,

'I knew very few of the Genevese. Hentsch was very civil to me; and I have a great respect for Sismondi. I was forced to return the civilities of one of their professors, by asking him, and an old gentleman, a friend of Gray's, to dine with me. I had gone out to sail early in the morning, and the wind prevented me from returning in time for dinner. I understand that I offended them mortally.'—p. 15.

The invitation to the Genevese professor did not come from Lord Byron; it was an imprudent liberty taken by his domestic physician, and Lord Byron was not detained from the dinner-table by the wind. He staid away on purpose, saying to the doctor, "as you asked these guests yourself, you may entertain them yourself."

MR. MEDWIN'S LD. BYRON *says*,

'What is become of my boatmen and boat? I suppose she was rotten; she was never worth much. When I went the tour of the Lake in her, with Shelley and Hobhouse, she was nearly wrecked, &c.'—pp. 15, 16.

Lord Byron had no boatmen. Mr. Hobhouse did not arrive at Diodati until after the tour alluded to.

MR. MEDWIN *in his own person says*,

'He always has pistols in his holster, and eight or ten pair, by the first makers in London, carried by his courier.'—p. 17.

The first part of the statement is true—the second untrue—a courier carry *eight* or *ten* pair of pistols!! This courier did occasionally carry one pair of pistols.

MR. MEDWIN'S LORD BYRON *speaks*,

'I have been concerned,' said he, 'in many duels, as second; but only in two as principal; one was with Hobhouse, before I became intimate with him.'—p. 18.

Lord Byron was never concerned in a duel in his life, either as second or principal. He was once *rather near* fighting a duel—and that was with an officer of the staff of General Oakes, at Malta.

MR. MEDWIN *makes* LORD BYRON *say*,

'His description of the Georgione, in the Manfrini palace at Venice, is meant for the Countess.'—p. 24.

'"We will put out of the question," said he, "*cavalier serventeism*."'—p. 28.

'He was sixty, and she sixteen.'—p. 30.

'From the first they had separate apartments, and she always used to call him Sir.'—p. 30.

'All this was not agreeable, and at length I was forced to smuggle her out of Ravenna.'—p. 42.

THE FACT.

Lord Byron could not mean to represent the Countess Guiccioli, by his description of the female in the celebrated picture by Giorgione—for he had never seen the Countess when he wrote the description. It may be as well to mention that the picture contains more than one portrait, which the Conversation-writer does not seem to have known, as also that the description is meant for the female portrait itself.

A long speech on the subject of Madame Guiccioli, and on the politics of Ravenna, is put into Lord Byron's mouth, the authenticity of which may be judged of by the following lists of mis-statements, which Lord Byron never could have made.

The Countess Guiccioli was in her twentieth year.

They had not separate apartments, and she never called her husband Sir, but Alexander, his Christian name.

This is not the case; the Countess openly followed her father, Count Gamba, fifteen days after his banishment, to Florence.

LORD BYRON *speaks to* MR. MEDWIN'S *book*.

'But to return to the Guiccioli.—The old Count did not object to her availing herself of the privileges of the country; an *Italian* would have reconciled him: indeed, for some time he winked at our intimacy, but at length made an exception against me as a foreigner, a heretic, an Englishman, and what was worse than all, a liberal.'—pp. 31, 32.

The Count Guiccioli was strongly and notoriously attached to the liberals himself.

'Shortly after the plot was discovered, I received several anonymous letters, advising me to discontinue my forest rides.'—p. 37.

Lord Byron did not receive any anonymous letters on this occasion; a placard was posted on the walls near his house, in which he was mentioned as protector of the Carbonari.

'I had a magazine of 100 stand of arms in the house.'—p. 36.

Lord Byron had five or six carbines or muskets, and five or six pair of pistols, ready for his travelling service.

'They were exiled, and their possessions confiscated.'—p. 37.

The writer speaks of the Counts Gamba—their possessions were not confiscated.

'If they could have got sufficient proof, they would have arrested me; but no one betrayed me.'—p. 38.

The papal government never evinced such an intention. Cardinal Gonsalvi was always extremely well-disposed towards Lord Byron.

'An event occurred at this time, at Ravenna, that made a deep impression on me. I alluded to it in *Don Juan*. The military commandant of the place, who, though suspected of being secretly a carbonaro, was too powerful a man to be arrested, was assassinated opposite to my palace; a spot, perhaps, selected by choice for the commission of the crime. The measures which were adopted to screen the murderer, proved the assassination to have taken place by order of the police.'

It did not occur at this time; it happened five months before.

He was a persecutor of the carbonari, and it was suspected that he was killed by a carbonaro.

'I had my foot in the stirrup at my usual hour of exercise, when my horse started at the report of a gun—on looking up, I perceived a man throw down a carbine, and run away at full speed, and another stretched upon the pavement a few yards from me.'

The Commandant was at the head of the police, and directed the police against the carbonari.

The whole of what is put into Lord Byron's mouth, as to Lord Byron, is a romance—the truth is as follows:

It was eight o'clock in the evening, Lord Byron was going into his bed-room to change his neckcloth, in order to walk to an evening conversazione, accompanied by his servant, Battista Falsieri. He heard a musket shot, and he sent Battista to inquire the cause.

MR. MEDWIN'S LORD BYRON.

'"I am sorry," said he "not to have a copy of my Memoirs to show you—I gave them to Moore, or rather to Moore's little boy, at Venice. I remember saying, here are £2,000 for you, my young friend."'—p. 40.

'After the ordeal was over, we set off for a country seat of Sir Ralph's; and I was surprised at the arrangements for the journey, and somewhat out of humour to find a lady's maid stuck between me and my bride. It was rather too early to assume the husband; so I was forced to submit, but it was not with a very good grace.'—pp. 47, 48.

LORD BYRON *in* MR. MEDWIN'S *book*.

'We had a house in town, gave dinner-parties, had separate carriages, and launched into every sort of extravagance. This could not last long. My wife's £10,000 soon melted away,' &c.—pp. 49, 50!

'Imagine my astonishment to receive, immediately on her arrival in London, a few lines from her father, of a very dry and unaffectionate nature, beginning, "Sir," and ending with saying, that his daughter should never see me again.'—p. 51.

'All my former friends, even my cousin, George Byron, who had been brought up with me, and whom I loved as a brother, took my wife's part. He followed the stream when it was the strongest against me, and can never expect any thing from me. He shall never touch a sixpence of mine.'—pp. 61, 62.

THE FACT.

Battista went, and reported that the commandant had been killed at a little distance from the house. Lord Byron then went into the street himself, and ordered the wounded man to be carried into his house. Accordingly, Battista carried him on his shoulders, and laid him on the bed of Lord Byron's valet. No one was seen to run away, but Battista found a carbine, yet warm, on the ground. Lord Byron detailed the circumstances, at the time, in a letter to his friends in England; and since the appearance of the pretended Confessions, those who were present at the scene have been questioned, and have furnished the above facts. It may be mentioned also, that in Don Juan the time of this accident is mentioned as being "*eight*" in the evening.

Mr. Moore had no little boy with him at Venice. Lord Byron never said, here are £2000 for you, my young friend!—he never did for any price which his MSS. might be likely to procure.

Mr. Moore did make an observation to Lord Byron upon receiving the Memoirs, which gave rise to the story that has accordingly been made part of the Conversations.

After such a mis-statement of Lord Byron's words on the delivery of the MSS. to Mr. Moore's *little boy*, to quote any other part of the fabrication respecting these Memoirs would give it unmerited importance.

There was nobody in the carriage that conveyed Lord and Lady Byron from Seaham to Hannaby, on the day of their marriage, besides his Lordship and his wife.

Lord and Lady Byron did not give dinner parties; they had not separate carriages; they did not launch out into any extravagance.

The whole of Lady Byron's fortune was put into settlement, and could not be melted away.

It was not on Lady Byron's arrival in London that Sir R. Noel wrote the letter to Lord Byron. It was on Lady Byron's arrival at Kirby-Mallory in Leicestershire, that her father wrote to Lord Byron. Sir Ralph's letter was a long letter, not a few lines, and it began, "My Lord," not, "Sir." It was dated Feb. 2, 1816.

The will, in which Captain George Byron was not bequeathed any of his cousin's property, was made in July, 1815, long before the separation of Lord and Lady Byron.

Mr. Medwin's Lord Byron.	The Fact.
'I had been shut up in a dark street in London, writing (I think he said) the *Siege of Corinth*.'—p. 55.	At the time here alluded to, Lord Byron lived at No. 13, Piccadilly, looking into the Green Park. The conversation writer calls this a dark street.
Mr. Medwin *makes* Lord Byron *say*, 'I was abused in the public prints; made the common talk of private companies; hissed as I went to the House of Lords; insulted in the streets,' &c.—p. 62.	Lord Byron was never hissed as he went to the House of Lords; nor insulted in the streets.

[To be continued.]

Scientific Records.

[Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological, and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History; Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.; List of Patents;—to be continued in a series through the Volume.]

RAIL-ROADS, AND NEW MECHANICAL PARADOX.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—As the nature of steam power does not yet appear to be fully understood even by so sensible a writer as your correspondent *A. B. C.*, it may perhaps be desirable to enter into a fuller explanation. It is true, that while the steam is so strong as to blow out at the safety-valve, it exerts a constant force, similar to that of gravity, that is, it produces equal increments of velocity in equal times; but when the piston has acquired a certain speed, the steam ceases to escape, and every subsequent increase of the velocity diminishes the power; in this, which is its ordinary mode of action, it is no longer a constant force, but rather resembles the power of the wind than the force of gravity. When a vessel is first put in motion, the wind acts upon the sails with its full force, and the resistance being very small, the motion is accelerated; but as the velocity increases, not only the resistance increases, but the power also of the wind decreases, till at last the two forces balance each other, and the motion becomes uniform. It still more nearly resembles a carriage sailing on a rail-road, in which case the resistance would not increase with the velocity, but the power only of the wind would be diminished. Such a carriage could never move so fast as the wind, however long its impulse might be continued. In like manner in a steam-engine, the fire, which is the prime mover, can only produce steam of a limited power and velocity, beyond which the motion of the piston can never be accelerated.

Your correspondent principally combats a doctrine that never was advanced. A crank does not alter the nature, but only the mode of action, of a power; and the mean resulting force will be either constant or variable, according to the nature of the original power. In a recent publication, it is erroneously supposed, that when a power acts through the medium of a crank, the effect is as the sum of the sines. The mistake arises from the omission to take into consideration the times during which the several forces act. The forces will be as the sines, and the times as the arcs described. Now the sines and the incremental arcs are as the radius and the incremental versed sines: whence the mathematical reader will easily deduce the true result that the increments of velocity are as the spaces described by the piston; which conclusion is confirmed by the consideration, that the expenditure of steam is in the same proportion. The crank, therefore, does not form an exception to the general rule which applies to all mechanical powers, namely, that when in equilibrium, they are inversely as their velocities.

The addition of $\frac{l}{2}$ in the same passage of the publication alluded to is quite erroneous, and therefore the tables deduced from the expressions are wholly incorrect. The principle being wrong, it is unnecessary, and would be invidious, to point out errors in detail.

The locomotive engine, as constructed by Mr. Stephenson, has two steam cylinders, which drive the wheels round by means of pins fixed to the spokes. The wheels are connected in such a manner, that when one piston is at the top of its stroke, the other is in the middle. To find the power of traction of such an engine,

Let p = the effective pressure in pounds upon each square inch;
d = the diameter of the pistons in inches;
l = the length of the stroke in feet;
n = the number of double strokes in a minute;
D = the diameter of the wheel in feet;
T = the power of traction required;

then the area of the two pistons = 11-7ths d^2, and the pressure on both = 11-7ths $p\,d^2$.

While the piston moves through l, the carriage moves through the semicircumference of the wheel which equals 11-7ths D; but the power of traction is to the pressure on the piston, as the velocity of the latter to the velocity of the former; or T : 11-7ths $p\,d^2$ :: l : 11-7ths D.

Therefore $$T = \frac{p\,d^2\,l}{D}$$

The rule expressed in words is as follows:

Multiply the square of the diameter of the piston by the length of the stroke in feet, and by the effective pressure of the steam in pounds upon each square inch, and divide by the diameter of the wheel in feet.

Example.—What is the power of traction of a locomotive engine with two cylinders, of which the internal diameter is ten inches; the length of the stroke being 2 feet, the pressure of the steam 9lb. and the height of the wheel 3 feet?—Answer, 600lb.

The effective pressure is different from the real pressure; for the latter has to overcome the friction of the piston itself, which is usually estimated at 3lb. and the pressure of the atmosphere, which is 15lb. The whole pressure is therefore about 27lb.

It is of no practical utility to estimate the time in which the engine will obtain its uniform speed, as it is too short to be of any importance.—The following rules will be found of more use.

To find the speed of the piston in miles per hour:

$$V = \frac{2\,n\,l \times 60 \text{ minutes}}{5280 \text{ feet}} = \frac{n\,l}{44}$$

Rule.—Multiply the number of strokes in a minute by the length of stroke in feet, and divide by 44.

Ex.—If the engine make 44 two-foot strokes in a minute, what is the speed of the piston per hour?—Answ. Two miles an hour, which is a very good speed.

To find the velocity of the carriage in miles per hour:

The circumference of the wheel equal 22-7ths D;

therefore $$V = \frac{n \times 60 \text{ minutes}}{5280 \text{ feet}} \times \frac{22}{7} D = \frac{n\,D}{28}$$

Rule.—Multiply the number of strokes in a minute by the height of the wheel in feet, and divide by 28.

Ex.—If the engine be making 42 strokes on a wheel of 4 feet diameter, how fast is it going?—Answ. Six miles an hour.

To find the horse-power of a locomotive engine with two cylinders:

Rule.—Divide the square of the diameter of the piston in inches by 10.

Ex.—What is the horse-power of an engine with two ten-inch cylinders?—Answ. A ten-horse power.

So two nine-inch cylinders are equal to eight horses, and two eleven-inch cylinders to twelve.

This is a very useful rule, and ought to be generally adopted. For a single cylinder the divisor is 20.

To find the power of traction a carriage will require:

Find the proportion between the weight and the friction in one instance by experiment, and it will be nearly the same for all other weights under similar circumstances. On the Newcastle rail-roads the friction is said to be the 170th part of the weight. To the friction so found, add the weight divided by the inclination in going up hill, and subtract in going down.

Ex.—What power will it require to draw 51,000lb. up a Newcastle rail-road, where the inclination is one in three hundred?

$\frac{51{,}000}{170} = 300$, and $\frac{51{,}000}{300} = 170$. Answer, 470lb.

Down the same hill it would only require 130lb.

To find the best inclination, where more goods go in one direction than the other:

Rule.—As the sum of the weights is to the difference, so is the friction to the required inclination.

Ex.—What should be the inclination, where the descending weights are three times as great as the ascending?

Answ. 4 : 2 :: $\frac{1}{170}$: $\frac{1}{340}$ the inclination required.

To resume the consideration of the expression $T = \frac{p\,d^2\,l}{D}$, it appears that where the pressure and the steam cylinder remain the same, the power of traction is inversely as the diameter of the wheel; or, in other words, the weight must be diminished in proportion to the speed. This is consonant with all experience; and any expression which does not produce this consequence must necessarily be erroneous. The observations of the writer in the *Scotsman* are quite true, when the moving power is a weight; because, however fast the weight be falling, the force of gravity will still produce equal accelerations in equal times. Hence it is, that four times the weight will move a boat twice as fast through water; but as the weight itself will move twice as fast, its momentum will be eight times as great. If by any mechanical contrivance, as by a double pulley, it be made to move with the same velocity as before, the weight must be eight times as great; for it will then draw the boat with only four times the power. This is exactly the case of a steam-boat. The piston ought only to move with a certain velocity, and a certain pressure; and therefore, to produce twice the velocity, the steam area of the piston must be eight times as great.

To make the question still more clear, let us inquire what is the greatest speed at which a locomotive engine can move without any additional weight. For this purpose, we have $V = \frac{n\,D}{28}$ and $D = \frac{p\,d^2\,l}{T}$; therefore $V = \frac{n\,p\,d^2\,l}{28\,T}$. Let $n = 45$, $p = 10$lb. $d = 9$ inches, $l = 2$ feet, and T = 100lb; then $V = \frac{72900}{2800} = 26$ miles per hour nearly. A single wheel could not be constructed of a sufficient size, but the speed might be given by a cog-wheel and pinion. It is clear, therefore, that no finite steam power can give an infinite velocity, where the resistance is a constant force.—Yours, &c.

A. B. T.

Brown's Pneumatic Engine.—At the Edinburgh School of Arts, on Wednesday se'nnight, Dr. Fyfe took an opportunity of describing Brown's gas vacuum engine. The object of this engine is to obtain power by means of a vacuum created during the combustion of inflammable gas; for which purpose a gas-burner is lighted within the cylinder, and allowed to consume the internal air, part of which being condensed into water, while another part is thrown off by the sudden combustion, the valve instantly closes, and produces the vacuum. Dr. Fyfe gave a decided opinion in favour of this new discovery. It is considered as one of the grandest combinations of chymical and mechanical science ever introduced to public notice. Several persons had condemned the engine as useless, but those individuals seemed to be unacquainted with the principle upon which the vacuum was produced. They argued and made their calculations upon the theory, that combustion is effected in a close vessel; while the whole principle of the engine is, that the combustion is carried on in an open one. In point of economy, other writers have fallen into error by estimating the expense much too high. By actual experiment, it had been ascertained, that during the consumption of one foot of gas, 300 gallons of water would be raised to the height of about 20 feet—the cost of which must be trifling, compared to that of maintaining a steam-engine. In the engine already constructed by Mr. Brown, the mercury gage stood at from 24 to 26 inches—thus giving a pressure of from 12 to 13lbs. to the square inch, while the common steam-engine had not more than 7 or 8lbs. Twenty thousand pounds had already been given for the patent for Scotland, and nine thousand pounds for the right of applying this discovery to the propelling of private carriages and carts in England. The patent had also been sold for the West Indies; and it is a remarkable fact, that Mr. Brown is the only individual, not a citizen of the United States, in whose favour the American government had ever granted a patent.—Should this new invention answer, it will completely supersede the steam-engine, and will be especially useful in propelling vehicles on railways, which it will of course traverse without leaving behind it a column of smoke.—*Leeds Mercury.*

Correspondence.

DANIEL DE FOE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the *Kaleidoscope* of Dec. 7, 1824, is a paragraph concerning De Foe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. The following extract from Watson's History of Halifax may interest some of your readers:—"Daniel De Foe being forced to abscond, on account of his political writings, resided some time at Halifax, in Yorkshire, at the sign of the Rose and Crown, in the Back-lane; being known to Dr. Nettleton, the Physician, and the Rev. Mr. Priestley, Dissenting Minister. He here employed himself in writing his *De Jure Divino*, among other things; but in particular he is here said to have composed the *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*; the subject of which was taken from the papers of Alexander Selkirk, who had been left some time on an uninhabited island of Juan de Fernandez, and had given his memoirs to De Foe to methodise, who, instead of doing as desired, struck out this entertaining novel; depriving Selkirk of making advantage of his adventures."—Watson, p. 470.

Yours, &c. ANON.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

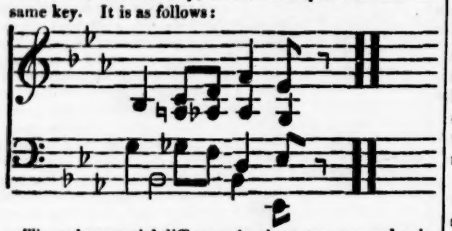
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As the musical queries contained in the last number but one of the *Kaleidoscope* remain unanswered, I presume to send you a few opinions on the subject, which you are at liberty to use, should you consider them of sufficient importance. Yours, &c.

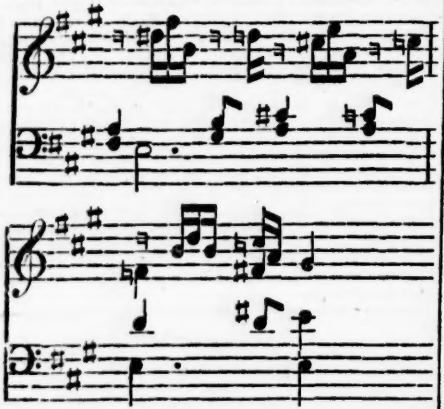
AN AMATEUR.—Liverpool.

The first is, "Can there, in any composition, be a succession of discords?"

Most certainly; and I trust immediately to prove this, if any proof be necessary. For this purpose, I have selected a passage from Bishop's ballad, "He is all the world to me," which, with respect to the points in question, very closely resembles the example given: and, to show this resemblance more clearly, I have transposed it into the same key. It is as follows:



The only essential difference in these two examples is, that, in that by Bishop, the B in the bass is continued until the final close on the tonic, thereby making the chord of the dominant complete; while in the other example, the want of this, renders the harmony weak and inaccurate. Should *Amateur* still entertain any doubts as to the propriety of using successive discords, it is hoped the authority of Hadyn will remove them. The following is an extract from his celebrated canzonet "Lubin is away."



Amateur then says, "There is a succession of discords here, * * as B is the fundamental bass note." The latter would certainly have become a discord, by having B for its bass; but the other is a discord independently, admitting of B, not as a fundamental, but as a pedal bass.

He next asks, "Could the author have substituted F𝄪 for G♭?" This is a point on which I think theorists will be found to differ, some considering it allowable, and others, denying that it can be done. That G♭ is better, will hardly, I humbly conceive, be doubted; for, as such, it may appear as part of the chord of the subdominant, and, consequently, bear a much nearer affinity to the key than it otherwise would. This, I am aware is not the only light in which it may be considered as G ♭; it may retain the same character if we call the chord F.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I trouble you to insert the following, as answers to the queries of an *Amateur* of Newry, contained in your *Kaleidoscope* of the 18th instant.

To the first query, "Can there be a succession of discords," I answer yes; and in support of the assertion, I refer your correspondent to the *well known* sequences of 7 and $\frac{9}{7}$, with all their modifications and inversions.

To the second query, "Can F𝄪 be used for G♭," I also answer yes; because, taking it for granted that your correspondent is correct in assigning "B♭" as the fundamental bass of the passage quoted, "G♭ A♮ and C" form an appoggiatural chord, resolving itself respectively into "F A♭ and D" of the chord succeeding, where, if "G♭" be the appoggiatural note proper to "F," it follows, that B♭♭ (not A♮) is the appoggiatural note proper to "A♭;" but, if A♮ (on account of its less remote affinity to the key of E♭) *may* be taken as the appoggiatural note to "A♭," it follows that F𝄪 *may* be taken also as the appoggiatural note to "F," as the relations between themselves and the passages they form are parallel. Besides, as "F𝄪" had been used in the chord next but one preceding that in which the "G♭" occurs, and in the same part of the harmony, I should prefer its use to that of "G♭," because the eye and the ear are *thus prepared* for the note, which *must*, for effect, be the same in pitch, however it may be written.

I am of opinion that the FUNDAMENTAL BASS of the two chords quoted is formed of F dominant of B♭, succeeded by B♭ dominant of the key-note; and that B♭, which ought, for the sake of correctness in writing, to have continued throughout the bar, is merely a PEDAL BASS. With this view then of the bass, there is no doubt of G♭ being the correct note; but I am not sure that such writers as Haydn would not use "F𝄪" as its substitute, for the reasons given in the preceding paragraph, or for that which led Haydn to write A𝄪 and B♭ in the same chord, in different parts of his score of "The heavens are telling the glory of God."

Yours, &c. J. M. X.

Liverpool, Jan. 29, 1825.

Vive la Bagatelle.

"In order to employ one part of this life in serious and important occupations, it is necessary to spend another in mere amusements." JOHN LOCKE.

"There is a time to laugh and a time to weep."—SOLOMON.

SOLUTIONS TO THE CONUNDRUMS, &c. IN OUR LAST.

25. It would be a great bore.
26. It is a warm retort.
27. To a Scotch parish in Ayr-shire *(Air shire.)*
28. When boots are bought, of course they are sold (soled) and when they are thoroughly mended they are also soled (sold.)
29. It is Pallas *(Palace.)*
30. Because he is a quadrangular *(quod wrangler)* that is, a wrangler in quod or prison!!!

[Since we published the solution to the 22d conundrum in the last *Kaleidoscope*, we have been favoured with another solution, which is much better, although the author we suspect is a wag. The question asked—"Why is a lady curling her hair like a housebreaker?"—to which our new correspondent replies, "Because she disturbs the inmates."]

NEW CONUNDRUMS.

BY BATHOS.

31. Why is a crooked nail, driven fast into a wall, like one of our excellent public charities?
32. Why are prisoners working in the tread-wheel like disinterested patriots?

BY W. W. C. C.

33. My first runs at you,
My second runs into you,
My whole runs through you.
34. My first is equality,
My second inferiority,
My whole superiority.
35. My first is an insect,
My second a wild beast,
My whole is nothing at all!
36. My first is a star,
My second a fish,
My whole is a bird.

Just published, Price 5s.

WILD ROSES.—By THOMAS FENBY, of Liverpool.

To be had of all the Booksellers.

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ON SATURDAY NEXT, the 5th inst. by permission of the Managers, and licensed by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, will be performed a New Comedy in Five Acts, written by, and

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. RYLEY,

CALLED

THE IRISH GIRL.

THE PROLOGUE TO BE SPOKEN BY MR. RYLEY.

After which the Farce of

BON TON;

OR, HIGH LIFE ABOVE STAIRS.

The Part of Sir John Trotly, by MR. RYLEY.

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To Correspondents.

RESERVE COMMUNICATIONS.—The following are in reserve for our next:—A Musical Piece—Letter II. from a Literary Devotee, on Capital Punishment—Letter II. on the Hamiltonian System—Letter on the newly-advanced mechanical paradox, connected with locomotive machines, and an engraving, the communication of T. H. T. of Fairfield—The translation of Eruditionis Amator—Notices of Liverpool in former times—Lines by Cestriensis, of Chester.—Lines by Y. Z.—Lines by Medicius—Lines by J. L.—and the communication of R. of Newry.

ERRATUM.—In the lines on *"Heaven,"* in the last week's *Kaleidoscope*, page 248, fifth stanza, line sixth, for *"More"* blindly, &c. read *"Man"* blindly, &c.

MUSIC.—In consequence of our intimation in a late number we have been favoured from several quarters with offers of a copy of the song, "When I heard the roaring ocean," &c. We feel obliged to the gentlemen who have thus expressed their readiness to oblige us. We shall not fail to avail ourselves in due time of their politeness; although we may not immediately call upon them to furnish us with a copy. We have several musical pieces in reserve, which claim priority of insertion. The song which we inquired after is very good, and as it is out of print, it appears to us to belong to that class of musical pieces which we can revive with advantage to our musical readers, without injury to the dealers in printed music, with whose fair profits we have no intention to interfere. There are very many beautiful songs and other pieces which, although they are out of print, are infinitely superior in merit to many of the popular pieces of the day. Some of these it is our intention to revive; and the song to which we have alluded is one of the number.

T. F. of Gloucester-street, will please to accept our thanks for the loan of some books.

The SWISS MUSIC is pleasing; but we understand that the original contains more parts, which we hope to obtain.

M. N. of Stoke Newington, London, is informed that we shall insert the proffered communication, if we can succeed in deciphering the whole of the manuscript, of which we have, however, some doubts at present, especially the criss-cross passage.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENTS.—We had prepared a pretty long note, addressed to *S. N.*—*W. S.*—*S. S.*—*G. S. L.*—and *L.* of Newry, explaining our views respecting the selections of music which we shall introduce into the *Kaleidoscope*. Our arrangements have rendered it necessary to withdraw this note; but we shall next week resume the subject.

The letter of *Detector*, on Mr. Greaves's report, respecting rail roads, will be given in the *Mercury*.

SHAKSPEARE AND LORD BYRON.—The interesting article respecting the original editor of Shakspeare; and that from the *Westminster Review*, respecting Lord Byron, have obliged us to withdraw several communications we had prepared, and which shall appear next week.

The Song by *S. S.* of Manchester, is very acceptable.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.—We may probably, in our next, give some extracts from, and remarks upon this work.

FIRE.—We shall next week lay before our readers the useful suggestion of *C.* on this important subject.

The verses of *Jerry* shall not be deferred beyond next week.

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